Migraine Fix

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Migraine Fix

by LunaTantabus

Summary

> You (Porcelain ballerina doll reader) (again) have a migraine. You go to desperate, ancient measures to solve it.

Notes

> He is not a lot of a jerk here. But I like forcing him to do something that he *should* enjoy but in this case he doesn't like so he's forced to see it through a different lens. Idk I like ~~seeing~~ making up where his moral limits are.

See the end of the work for more notes

You had a migraine. You feel your skull throb in protest at whatever simulated complaint your body had, feeling the thick bands of agony stretch across your skull.

“This is agonizing.” You complain to yourself, sitting at the side of your bed, palms pressing against your temples as you pitifully try to squeeze away the pain, feeling tears press out of the corner of your eyes. Whether from the pain, or the pressure throbbing behind your eyes, you didn’t know, and you certainly didn’t have enough in you to care to deduce.

I can’t bear this…

...In fact, I won’t. You realize to yourself, a pathetic, desperate idea emerging in your mind.

Granting yourself a moment to garner your resolve, you stand. Wobbly and graceless. You stumble, dizzy like a zombie, with head lolling like it was weighed down with liquid, marching yourself out of your room to the hall beyond.

Jax’s door is thrown open with a comically sudden crunch as you slam it open into the wall it was hinged upon.

“You.” You demand, your tone resolute.

“What the [BONK]?! Knocking isn’t hard!” You hear Jax start bitching, seeing him scramble in a panic in his bed, visibly startled.

“Do you know what, trepanning is?” You ask him, entirely ignoring his complaints.

“What?”

“Do you *know*. What. Trepanning. Is?”

“…no?”

It’s an ancient medical practice traced back to the Mesolithic period where prehistoric humans would drill holes in their skulls to expel evil spirits, relieve cranial pressure and often considered to be used to treat headaches. Now. Do you have, a blunt object, or a baseball bat?”

“I feel like I should be pleased at where this conversation is going but somehow I’m not.” Jax observes with uncharacteristic transparency, glancing behind him with distaste.

“I didn’t ask that.” You say with a twinge of exasperation, eyes quirked as you stare at him, Jax not failing to notice the dim, glassy look in your eyes as you sway, standing at the edge of his bed like the mere act of being upright was a Herculean task.

“…Are you asking me to bash your head open to relieve a migraine?”

You blink. “Yes.”

“…”

“…”

Jax’s ears pin as he caves. “Okay I have a bat.”

“Thank you.” You say, falling to resign yourself onto his bed, feeling the fabric under your face rustle as he gets up, hearing his footsteps echo as he walks to wherever he held a baseball bat, you didn’t care to lift your head to figure out the details.

You feel your skull throb in excruciating protest as a new wave of pain coils ever tighter around your head, rolling through your skull like a vengeful thunderstorm, vision darkening. You feel the pain press against you, like it was trying to burst you from the inside, your ears starting to ring. It feels as though your eyes are bulging from the pressure, heavy pulses crawling all the way through your teeth, leaving you in want to wrench your own jaw off, just to give it something else to be in pain over.

“Ugh, on my *bed*?” you hear Jax complain.

“You can move me wherever you like, just don’t make me do it myself.” You croak softly, lolling your head to the side to voice your declaration, eyes glazing listlessly, huffing a soft, not-very-relieving breath.

“Ugh, whatever.” You hear him relent, dropping your face back into the covers of his bed, hearing the low whooshes of Jax undoubtedly doing some mindless trick, spinning the bat in his hands, before hearing him pat the barrel of the bat against his palm.

“You sure about this?” Jax glances up from the bat in his hands, looking at you limp, half lying on his bed, your legs strewn to the floor.

“I’m more concerned if *you’re* sure.” You mutter, your head rested upon your chin to respond. “I already asked Zooble, they said they weren’t interested. You’re the only here one who has the nerve to do it without hesitating.”

You hear Jax sigh, and you return to your position, feeling the end of the bat rest a moment on the back of your head, Jax measuring the stroke.

“This is gross.” Jax comments. “You sure this will work?” He asks.

“I’m relatively sure I can’t feel anything that isn’t attached to me, yes. You’ve given me *plenty* of experience to work off of.” You growl passive aggressively.

Jax’ nose wrinkles as he glances to the side with a twinge of guilt, recalling his many acts of terrorism that left you in pieces in more ways than he could count.

“Okay.” He croaks gently, ears dipping in resignation. You tuck your face back into his comforter. He rests the bat on the back of your head, seeing your pretty hair give under the weight of the barrel.

He feels like an executioner, staring at you limp at his bed, shivering as you await his killing blow. It made him feel more like a villain than he was used to, even though you asked him to perform this for you.

Jax breathes in as he raises the bat over his head, eyes hovered over you, gritting his teeth as he steels himself.

Don't hesitate, don't weaken the blow, just do it, and put her out of her misery. Jax guides himself, holding the bat over his head.

With one clean swing the bat descends, being met with a sharp crack that bled into a series of sickening clinks as your head caves in.

You shriek into the mattress, the pain immediate, and shredding your senses like a shotgun blast as you feel your ears burst to ring at the impact, your eyes blinded with the pain. You seize through the agony, shrieking and sobbing like a baby as you wait out the pain, crying into the mattress as you crawl through the next few seconds.

Just the next few seconds.

You pant, feeling the climax of agony make its last waves, the pain slowly wicking away like water upon sunbathed stone. You feel the fog lift, the darkness clouding your vision receding, the pain vanishing as though you had emerged from a cave to see the sun for the first time in ages.

Jax, on the other hand shared none of your relief.

"…Dollface?" Jax stares, the bat gripped in his hands as he studies your motionless form, waiting for some kind of movement from you.

After a moment you feel the tip of the bat nudge your shoulder blade, and you remember Jax had spoke a moment ago. So lost in relief you barely heard it. You gingerly press yourself upright, shards falling away with a small chorus of clinks, a soft, humming giggle echoing from you as you rise, lashes lowered.

"Thank you." You say in earnest, looking up at him.

Uhh…yeah. Sure." Jax replies, though you don't fail to notice his disturbance at the sight of whatever his impact had made to your face. You look away, sparing him the revulsion.

You bring your hands up to learn the damage for yourself. You feel hairline cracks freaking *everywhere*, trailing down your face like raindrops on a windshield. You feel a bigger seam down past the corner of your eye, along the side of your nose. Another at your cheek, another splitting open one of your eyes, but your vision was unaffected. You suppose that's because the pieces are still *together*.

You let your feet dangle off the edge of his bed, fingers trailing down your face as you assess the damage, your eyes more curious and discerning, rather than disappointed or ashamed of

the mutilating cracks on your visage as you hear Jax wander a short way off to put his baseball bat away.

You turn to pull the leftover pieces into your hands, getting up to leave, stumbling to deposit the pieces in the trash can by his door. Your hand is almost at his doorknob when you hear Jax's voice pipe up from behind you.

"Uh-WOOOOOOOOOWWUH.

Real grateful, Dollface. You come storming into my room begging for my head-bludgeoning services and just bail after you got what you needed? Mcht, so disappointingly uncouth from you, Doll."

You still, turning your head only enough to show your acknowledgment, not wanting to show him your face again. Your stance is only slightly broken, disoriented with the loss of your normal center of gravity.

"I figured you'd want your room back to yourself."
You say, kindly abstaining from also mentioning you didn't want to impose your broken state upon him, remembering the revilement on his face.

"You already ruined the vibe irrevocably by making me play executioner."

"I thought you liked playing executioner." You lilt simply, still facing the door, gracefully pretending the heartbeat that passed as your words sunk into him didn't take up as much space as it did.

"You're limping like a zombie. Can you even walk? You're gonna bust the rest of yourself open in the hallways and I won't be able to leave without my feet getting cut up by your disgusting *shards*." Jax continues, ignoring your response.

"You'd like me to stay, then."

"I'd like you to refrain from being a liability to my [BOINK]ing TOOTSIES."

"Very well." You say, making your way back to the bed, sitting next to him, the hair that survived the impact strategically draped to provide a merciful curtain between his eyes and your face.

"What did you say this was called? Tryptophan?" Jax asks casually, looking at his nails.

"Trepanning." You answer. "This is an extrapolation. The real operation is more precise."
You reply, fiddling mindlessly with one of your leftover pieces on your lap.

"Wow I never would have guessed." You hear Jax respond snidely, practically *hearing* the eyeroll that inevitably accompanied it.

"From the mesooooo…" Jax pries, flopping back to lie on his bed.

“Mesolithic.” You complete, joining him with a gentle flop, staring at the ceiling. “Middle Stone Age time period, where humans started drifting from hunting large animals into the hunter-gatherer lifestyle, early development of agriculture, and development of more advanced tools." You babble.

“Oh so right when we discovered the infinite food glitch.” Jax concludes.

“Yeah exactly.”

“A caveman adventure wouldn’t be too bad.” Jax ponders aloud. “Fire, hunting, unbridled violence, sounds right up my alley.” You see a hand gesticulate from the corner of your eye as he speaks.

“Mmm, we could do that. Your clubbing skills are rather exemplary.” You tease.

“Ha! I’d be unstoppable. Jax, glorious slayer of beasts, wielder of fire, and stealer of sacred idols.” Jax boasts, a hand touching his chest as he showboats.

“I’d like that. I think it’d be nice to be an animal for a while. Hunt, kill, gorge, stare at stars with pack, and repeat.” You say, feeling the euphoria of your migraine’s absence begin to fade, leaving behind a very tempting, comforting drowsiness in its stead.

You continue the conversation with Jax, listening as he showboats his fantasies with you, describing silly dreams of tyranny and glory, furs and fire worship, hardly feeling your consciousness slip away through the comfort of the moment.

It was only after a long period of silence Jax realized you were asleep, leaning up on his elbows to investigate you on the other half of the bed.

Jax finds himself staring at your face, more often than not he’d seen it broken because of him. Frightfully lifeless, unconscious after he pushed an experiment too far,

Or spooking you just to make fun of you for it, punishing you with a shove.

Or tripping you.

Or watched you limping with half your torso gone after he pushes you.

Or throwing baseballs to annoy you, only to shatter your face off entirely.

Punching you square in the jaw just to see you stare back at him with it shattered clean off, a disturbing void in place of your lower face. *That* frightened him.

But here, your shattered face doesn’t send the same bile of shame to his throat, or ache of guilt in his chest as the other times. He likes looking at you, he realizes. Jax’s pupils expand as he sits wordlessly over your unconscious form, before he realizes he has an *unconscious girl in his bed*.

Jax briefly considers his options, before gentle hands slowly pick your limp form up into his arms, cradling your delicate body in his longer limbs as he rises to carry you back to your

room.

Jax warily pokes his head from the doorway of his room, wide eyes scanning for anyone else in the hallway, not eager to let anyone else see such an affair. Seeing no threats, Jax pads through the hallway with you in his grip, your limp form swaying slightly with his larger steps. You don't stir at all, you must've conked right out.

Reaching your room, he carefully slinks inside, double checking the hallway again before entering. Jax hunches as he places you carefully on your bed, cautious with your half broken skull, nose scrunching in embarrassment, feeling stupid about how careful he was being with you.

God, what am I? A poet laureate? Jesus.

Not willing to juggle you *and* wrestle with your annoyingly well made bedspread, Jax lifts the edge of your comforter that was hanging off the side of your bed, and covered you with that, the underside of your bedspread exposed where it draped over you.

There. Easier to make in the morning anyways. Jax thinks to himself, absentmindedly looking at the pale, stitched underside of your comforter.

Jax slinks to return to his room, peering out once again to check for anyone who might see him, before giving one last glance to you, before silently returning to his own room.

End Notes

This was born out of impulse, I didn't really know what to do with it after the first half but I was determined to make *something* satisfactory.

I wasn't really sure on how to steer it, if I should have pushed a sort of emotional dialogue, but I decided this wasn't the kind of prompt for that.

I didn't think fluff would've gone very far, and I fought tooth and nail with the dialogue in the second half so I just made it a quiet scene.

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